

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

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VOL. 49—No. 35.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1871.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS EVENING (SATURDAY)
SPECIAL SHILLING DAY. At 2.30 P.M. Musical and Mimetic Entertainment, entitled PERKINS' PIONIC, by Mr. Fleming Norton, and a Comedy Interlude, entitled THE WRONG MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE (characters by the "Vokes" Family), in the Opera Theatre. In the evening, at 5.30, the last GARDEN FETE of the season. A Military Band will perform in the Rosary, while the Fountains around will play till seven P.M. A Grand Promenade will be arranged in and around the Rosary, and on the slopes among the flowers, and in view of the fountains. At dusk the surrounding shrubberies will be illuminated by tinted fires placed in chosen positions. Coffee, ices, &c., will be provided on the lawn. Admission One Shilling, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

MR. SANTLEY'S FAREWELL CONCERT.—Mr.
Santley has the honour to announce that he will give a FAREWELL CONCERT at St. James's Hall, on Monday evening, September 11, it being his last appearance in London prior to his departure for the United States. Vocalists—Miss Edith Wynne and Madame Florence Lancia, Madame Blanche Cole and Madame Corradi, Miss Enriquez and Madame Patey; Mr. Nordblom and Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Patey and Mr. Santley. Pianoforte, Mr. Lindsay Sloper and Mr. G. A. Osborne. Conductors, Mr. J. L. Hatton and Mr. Sidney Naylor. Stalls, 6s.; family ticket, to admit four, 21s.; balcony, 3s.; area, 2s.; gallery and orchestra, 1s. Tickets to be had of Austin, St. James's Hall; Chappell & Co., New Bond Street; Boosey & Co., Holles Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., Chesham; and Hay, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Instituted 1822.—
Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1839. Under the immediate Patronage of Her Majesty the QUEEN.
His Royal Highness the Prince of WALES.
Her Royal Highness the Princess of WALES.
His Royal Highness the Prince CHRISTIAN.
Her Royal Highness the Princess CHRISTIAN.
His Royal Highness the Duke of CAMBRIDGE.

President.—The Right Hon. The Earl of DUDLEY.
Principal.—Sir W. STENSLAND BENNETT, M.A., D.C.L.
The MICHAELMAS TERM will COMMENCE on Monday, the 18th September, and will terminate on Saturday, the 16th December.
Candidates for admission can be examined at the Institution on Thursday, the 14th September, at 11 o'clock, and every following Thursday at the same hour.
By order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.
ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
4, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square.

THE LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC. ST.
GEORGE'S HALL, Regent Street, North.—For Amateurs and Professional Students in Music.—The next TERM will COMMENCE on Monday, October 2.
Principal.—Professor WYLDE, Mus. Doc.
Singing.—Signori Garcia, Lablache, Joseph Barnett, Beviniani, Clabatta, Traventi, H. Gear, Rubini, and Sehra.
Pianoforte.—Dr. Wyld, Mr. John F. Barnett, Mr. C. K. Salaman, Herr Henseler, Herr Lehmeier, and Herr Ganz.
Harp.—Herr Oberthur, and Mr. T. H. Wright.
For the names of the other masters vide prospectus.
Fee, 25 5s. per term; Three Terms in the year.
The days for the admission of new students (professional and amateur), are Wednesday, September 27th, and Thursday, September 28th, between the hours of 11 and 4.
G. R. WILKINSON, Secretary.

LONDON INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION of
1871. WILL CLOSE on the 30th of September.
ADMISSION DAILY, EXCEPT WEDNESDAYS, from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. ONE SHILLING. On WEDNESDAYS, HALF-A-CROWN.

London International Exhibition of 1871.
THE LONDON GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION,
under Mr. LAND, will give Concerts at 8 o'clock on Tuesday, September 5th, and Saturday, September 9th. Admission for visitors to Exhibition—Loggia 2s. Amphitheatre 1s. Arena 6d. Balcony 6d. Gallery free; Balcony and Arena free for Season Ticket holders.

LONDON INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1872.
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS in the International Exhibition of 1872.—Trades interested in Musical Instruments, Selected Specimens of which will be exhibited in 1872, may obtain the General Rules at the present year's Exhibition, or by written application to the Secretary.—Offices, Royal Albert Hall, Kensington.

M. RIVIERE'S
PROMENADE CONCERTS.
THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.
Every Evening at Eight.

ARTISTS—Mesdames Liebhart, De Meric Lablache, Cornelle D'Anka, Claus, Carreno, and Rudersdorf; Messrs. Whitney, E. Lloyd, Arthur Lincoln (Chrysalphonicon), H. Reynolds (Cornet). Orchestra, 100. Military Band, 50. Chorus, 50. Overtures, Selections, Waltzes, Quadrilles, Polkas, Marches, &c. Monday and Tuesday—Popular and Operatic Music. Wednesday (by desire)—SECOND MENDELSSOHN NIGHT—Overture, "Fingal's Cave," symphony, in A minor (Scottish Symphony); Pianoforte Concerto, in G minor, Mdlle. Carreno; March, "Athalia." Thursday—A Ballad Night. Friday—Mendelssohn's Oratorio, "ELIJAH." The first part of the programme on Wednesday and Friday will be conducted by Mr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN. Prince Poniatowski's new March every Evening. Due notice will be given of the production of Sir Julius Benedict's new Grand March for full Orchestra, Military Band, and Chorus.
Conductor—M. RIVIERE. Messrs. T. Grieve & Son's Conservatory of Palm Trees, illuminated by One Thousand and Twenty-eight Jets of Gas, pronounced to be the most perfect coup d'oeil ever witnessed. Private Boxes, 21 lis. 6s., 21 lis., and 10s. 6d. Boxes (where Bonnets may be worn) 2s. 6d. New Orchestra Stalls, (numbered and reserved) 3s., (no booking fee). Promenade, One Shilling. Refreshments by Messrs. Spiers and Pond. Doors open at 7.30. Commence at 8.
Acting Manager—Mr. EDWARD MURRAY.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.
GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—SEPTEMBER
5, 6, 7, and 8. Ordinary return tickets to Gloucester issued on Monday, Sept. 4th, and following days, will be available for return up to Saturday, September 9th, inclusive.
First and second class return tickets at single fares (available for one day only) will be issued to Gloucester, during the Festival, from Paddington Station by the 6.0 a.m. train.
Paddington Station. J. GRIERSON, General Manager.

MDLLE. LIEBHART, who electrified her audience at M. Riviere's Grand Concert, Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, in Guglielmo's new ballad, "The Lover and the Star" (a decided hit), composed expressly for her, will repeat it on Tuesday and Thursday next. Mdlle. Liebhart will be accompanied by full string band, and the composer at the pianoforte.

WANTED for a MUSIC ESTABLISHMENT in DUBLIN, an
ASSISTANT, thoroughly conversant with the paper and general counter trade. None need apply who cannot give satisfactory reference as to the required competency. Address, CRAMER, Wood & Co., Dublin.

PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.—A LAY
CLERKSHIP is now vacant in this Cathedral. Voice required—TENOR. Candidates must be efficient Solo Singers. Salary—£70 per annum. A preference will be given to Candidates who have had Cathedral Training. The Age of the Candidates will also be considered. Applications, with Testimonials, to be sent in not later than the 20th September instant, addressed to the Chapter Clerk, Minister Close, Peterborough.

REMOVAL.
MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD begs to inform her Pupils and Friends that she has REMOVED from Upper Wimpole Street to Ivy Bank, 49, Finchley Road, St. John's Wood.

"ROCK ME TO SLEEP."
MISS M. R. HARRISON will sing BENEDICT's popular song, "Rock me to Sleep," at the Second Evening Concert of the Gloucester Festival, Thursday, September 7th.

ORGANIST.
A YOUNG GENTLEMAN of some experience as an Organist, DESIRES A SITUATION in a CHURCH in any part of the Provinces. Plays the Violin, Piano, and Organ. Can teach a Choir, and produce excellent testimonials. Advertiser wishes to obtain Teaching and Pianoforte Tuning, etc., etc. A small town preferred. Address A. C. R., care of Lamborn Cock & Co., 63, New Bond St., London, W.

"GIDEON," an Oratorio. The words selected by the Rev. F. T. CUSINS. The Music by W. G. CUSINS. To be performed at the Gloucester Festival, September 7th. Octavo, paper covers, 4s. nett; cloth boards, 6s. nett.—LAMBORN COCK & Co., 63, New Bond Street, London, and CRAMER, WOOD, & Co.

SONATA

(In A MAJOR),

FOR THE PIANOFORTE,

DEDICATED TO G. A. MACFARREN, ESQ.

By CHARLES H. SHEPHERD.

(A.R.A.M.)

London: AUGENER & Co.

Published This Day,

"WINTER,"

SONG.

THE WORDS FROM THE GERMAN.

The Music by R. T. GIBBONS.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published,

"NO HOME! NO FRIEND!"

SONG, FOR VOICE AND PIANO.

By ALEX. ANGYALFI.

Price 3s.

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NOUVELLE METHODE DE CHANT

Par CINTI-DAMOREAU.

DEVELOPPEMENT PROGRESSIF DE LA VOIX.

Price 8s., Net.

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London: DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

NOW READY.

"THY CHILD'S AN ANGEL NOW,"

BALLAD.

Composed by FRANCIS HOWELL.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Drooping mother, weep no more,
Upward look and see
Her whom thou mournest evermore,
Keeping watch o'er thee.
Grieve not at the will divine,
Humbly strive to bow;
Though bereft, do not repine,
Thy child's an angel now.

Lonely mother, all is well,
The lost, the young, the fair,
Lives now where the happy dwell—
Would'st call thy child from there?
Ever gone to peaceful rest,
A halo round her brow,
Earthly cares touch not her breast—
Thy child's an angel now.

"The pathetic character of the verses here set to music can be inferred from the title; and it will suffice to say that Mr. Howell has adapted to them a very sweet and appropriate melody, simply accompanied, and not only allowing, but inviting, all the expression of which a singer is capable. Such a ballad can easily be made heart-touching."

Just Published,

"THE PRISONER'S LAST SONG."

The Verses by CHEDWIK TICHBOURNE.

Made the night before he was executed in Lincoln's Inn Fields for treason, A.D. 1586.

The Music by J. P. GOLDBERG.

Price 4s.

London: DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Where may be obtained—Composed by J. P. GOLDBERG—

THE REPROACH (Si vous n'avez rien à me dire) 4s.
VIENI LA BARCA E FRONTA. Barcarola a due Voce 4s.

"PLEIN DE DOUTE,"

SONATA FOR PIANOFORTE SOLO.

Adagio maestoso, Allegro con brio, Romanza, Intermezzo, Scherzo and Trio, Rondo brillante. Composed and Dedicated by permission to

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD,

By BERNARD FAREBROTHER.

London: LAMBORN COCK & Co., 63, New Bond Street, W.

NOTICE.

NEW SONG BY HENRIETTE.

"WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN!"

The Words by ARTHUR CLYDE.

The Music by HENRIETTE.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Only when twilight creeps,
My sad heart weeps and weeps,
In anguish that ne'er sleeps—
"What might have been!"

Living in his dear smile,
Guarding his weal the while,
A sweet life without guile—
"This might have been!"

Save that relentless spite
Breathed dark shades o'er truth's light,
That I scorned to set right—
"All might have been!"

Truth prevailed, ah! too late
Writhing in chains of fate,
He mourns disconsolate—
"What might have been!"

Strive we by duties done,
So our life's battle's won,
Crushing, each morning sun—
"Hopes that have been!"

Yet, must I in dream-light,
Waiting for weary night,
Wail and cry by grief's right—
"What might have been!"

"We have here one of those songs which trust for effect to a simple melody allied to simple words, both melody and words dealing with a subject which goes straight to the universal heart. 'Henriette' has shown much refined feeling and just appreciation in her unaffected music."

NEW PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

JUST RECEIVED FROM MM. HEUGEL & CO., PARIS.

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"LA VALSE DES ADIEUX" (sur un motif de G. Nadaud) 5s.
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REVERIE SUR UNE CHANSON FAVORITE DE G. NADAUD 5s.

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"MUSIQUE DE GENEVE." Pièce de Salon 4s.

London: DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

PRACTICAL HINTS AND OBSERVATIONS

RELATIVE TO THE

INTRODUCTION BY GOVERNMENT

OF

SINGING IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

By Dr. FERDINAND RAHLES.

Price 8d.

London: DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"Having had experience in the Prussian schools, Dr. Rahles speaks on this subject with strong claims for a hearing. His remarks tend to advocate steady training in vocal exercises and sight reading, without attempting to make children too wise in science, or, as our author expresses it, making children 'juvenile professors of music.' In concluding, Dr. Rahles very sensibly expresses a hope that the Board of Education will prohibit those monster gatherings at which the children perform for a bun and a railway ride for the benefit of speculators, but with no advantage to either the schools or the art. This small pamphlet deserves to be read."

MDLLE. MARIMON.

"THE MARIMON VALSE." Transcribed for the

Pianoforte by E. KETTERER. Can be obtained of
DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MUSICAL EDUCATION IN GERMANY.

MADemoiselle RUDERSDORFF, the sister of Madame Rudersdorff, and a Pupil of the Cavaliere Micheroux, the Master of Madames Pasta, Clara Novello, Catharine Hayes, and Rudersdorff, will receive and train as Professional Singers a limited number of young Ladies. They will receive thorough instruction in Singing, according to the legitimate Italian school, in classical music, and the Italian, French, and German Languages. Mdle. Rudersdorff resides in one of the most healthy and picturesque spots in Germany. Further particulars to be obtained at Messrs. Duncan Davidson & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street.

PUPILS WANTED.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, aged 16, son of a late Professor of Music, is desirous of obtaining Pupils for instruction in the earlier branches of Pianoforte playing. Terms, Fifteen to Twenty Shillings per Quarter. Apply to Mr. L., 20, Mecklenburgh Square, W.C.

BRIGHTON CONCERT AGENTS, PIANOFORTE AND MUSICSELLERS.

LYON & HALL,

WARWICK MANSION.

THE TROUBADOUR:

AN ORIGINAL PASTORAL,
BY AUGUSTUS MAYHEW.

[COPYRIGHT.]*

Dramatis Personæ:

HERR ALBERT VON SCHINKEN, a foreign tenor of birth, in love with CLARISSA.
 WILLIAM EAGLES, Esq., a gentleman of fortune.
 CLARISSA, his daughter and heiress.
 BETSY, tirewoman to CLARISSA, and servant of all work.
 A BOOTMAKER. A TAILOR. A HATTER. A TOBACCO MERCHANT.
 A VINTNER. A GROOM. A LANDLADY (Creditors of HERR VON SCHINKEN).

TIME—The present.

The scene lies first at Islington, and then at Margate.

ISLINGTON.

Scene 1 represents the private furnished lodgings of Herr Albert von Schinken. The furniture is not costly, but well-worn. Music-books lie scattered about. As the curtain rises the Herr is discovered sipping a cup of tea.

Herr v. S. Still no ledder from my tear Glareeza! (Sips.) My boor heard is drembling with chealowsy. (Sips.) I vonder if my foice is in goot orter dis borning. It is dwo veek since I gif a lezzon to my bubil, and vat is to begome of my lantlaty if de boor vomans is not baid somedimes a leetle gash? In a voreign goundry, vithout gash, gredit, or a frient in de world, I am surely to be bitied—and zo is my boor lantlaty. (Sips.) Bezide, I am in lofe—yah!—in lofe vith a jarning greature dat have unfordunadely gone to Bargate, and vant no bore lesson of busic. Ah! Glareeza, my only bubil, liddle do you dink de bizery you gauze me. Let me zing a leedle zong and dry my foice—if it is not goot, I shall zay it is de glimate of dis goundry dat is de gauze. (Takes a guitar and advances.)

ROMANCE (con gusto.)

Dra la la la (ter)
 By de light of de zdar
 She heard his guidar,
 And gently she zighed,
 As zoftly she cried,
 Dra la la la! La la!

(Spoken through music.) It is a bleazing gombozizion, and vill take de public, surely.

Dra la la lee (ter)
 Fly tear von vith me;
 Our sweet home shall be
 By de shaty vood zide,
 And I'll zing to my bride
 Dra la la lee! La lee!

(Puts down guitar.) I shall zell de bocm and de gombozizion to de bublisher to bay my boor lantlaty.

(A knocking heard at the door. The Herr is alarmed, and shows it.)

DUET (agitato.)

Herr v. S. Vat dreadful noise is dat?
 My heart beat bit-a-bat.

Enter Landlady.

Landlady (timidly.) Oh, tell me, may I enter?

Herr v. S. (aside.) Alas! I can't brevent her.
 No! I tare not brevent her!
 Zad fate! I gant brevent her!

Landlady (presenting her bill) Pray can you settle my little account?

Herr v. S. (nervously) Yesh! yesh! bost surely!

Landlady (pleased) If you could pay the small amount.

Herr v. S. Yesh! yesh! bost surely!

[Retires up stage.]

Solo (affettuoso.)

Landlady. Though gentle his words and tender his tone,
 Soft as the lute and sweeter than honey,
 Yet ne'er since the day he made this his home
 Have I gazed on the hue of his money!
 Yes! I should like to see some of his money!

* Your music author complains that librettos of operas are scarce, and always bad; your author of librettos outcries that music writers are dreary, and always failures. Here is a libretto. Is it good? If so, who wears the mantle of Mozart? Let him step forth and compose melodies. The author can be heard of, harmoniously, at the publishing office of the Musical World.

Herr v. S. (coming forward). Gif me dime and I will bay your moneys. I am a chentleman of birth, and vill zee you get your moneys.
 Landlady (sighing) Fair words butter no parsnips.

[Exit mournfully.]

Herr v. S. Now dat de have gone, I am vonce more in brivate. None but de benniless gan dell de zorrow of boverdy. My lofe vor Glareeza is my only gonzolashun. (Violent knocking heard from without.) H'effens! vat driot is dat? (Rushes to window.) A growd is asembled in de zdreet. Vat gan dey vant vith dis houze? Dat vace! I fear dey are my greditors.

[Sinks into a chair.]

Enter a Bootmaker, a Tailor, a Hatter, a Tobacco Merchant,
 a Vintner, and a Groom.

(For a moment they eye angrily the prostrate Herr von Schinken, and then, unrolling their bills, they advance.)

Chorus (risoluto.)

What shall be done to this bankrupt man,
 Who basely betrays the tradesman's trust?
 A wretch that won't pay, and never can;
 From him we turn in deep disgust!

A Hatter (advancing).

Solo.

Ah, bear him to prison, and there let him lie,
 His bed of damp straw upon the cold ground;
 And send to his friends, and bid them to try
 The best offer they can of so much in the pound.

Herr v. S. (aside.) Deir looks and vorts vreeze my bloot!

Solo (staccato.)

Desbair!
 My hair
 I'll tear;
 My zoul vith grief is zore!
 To fly
 I'll try,
 Or die,
 And zeek zom disdand shore!

Chorus (sadly). And leave us evermore!

Bootmaker (to creditors.) Friends and hard-working gentlemen! Let us proceed to our business. Remember we have large families, and times, as they go, are hard. (Creditors fall into a line, and advance towards the trembling Herr von Schinken, who has once more sunk, exhausted, into a chair.)

Grand Scena.

(Bootmaker presents his bill savagely.)

Herr v. S. (after examining the bill, rises from chair—to Bootmaker.)

Dis ist your pill for gountless poots,
 Made vit de best of leather,
 Zom vit thin zoles, and zom vit thick,
 To zuit all kinds of weather.

(to himself, sadly.) Now to my foot

I've not a poot

Dat's fit to hold togedder. (is moved.)

Chorus (sotto voce to one another, confidentially.)

No mercy, no mercy—let's make an example,
 Let's show him, let's show him, of justice a sample.

Tailor presents his bill rudely.

Herr v. S. (gazing on it mournfully,)

Dis ist my pill for entless zuits!
 In happier tays ven I vost gay,
 And lofed to show my sdadely form,
 Tecked like a brinze in bright array!

(sadly) Dose glothes are vorn
 Dredbare and torn!

And at the zeams are grey!

[is moved.]

Chorus, (sotto voce to one another.)

To run into debt is such capital sport,
 Let's give him a taste of the Bankruptcy Court.

(Hatter, Vintner, Tobaccoist, and groom advance.)

Herr v. S. (to Hatter.) I neffer vish for petter hats

Dan dose I hat from you;

(to Vintner.) Your sbendid vines vere clearly made

From vinest grapes tat grew

(to himself sadly) The olt hats shine,

My zdoek of wine

I voot I coot renew!

[dejected.]

Chorus, (sotto voce to each other.)

Be firm, boys! be firm, boys! let's make an example,
'Tis high time we showed him of justice a sample!

Herr v. S. (to Tobacconist)

Vit you I for debagoo dealt,
De fragrand, zoothing veed!
(to Groom) You vrom de zdable yart have call'd,
About dat ampling zeed?
(sadly) Zigars ant horse
Haf run deir course,
And with derrefic zbeed.

[Overcome.]

Chorus (aloud and openly to Herr v. S., who trembles.)

You seem to think debt is such capital sport,
We'll give you a taste of the Bankruptcy Court!
Yes! the Bankruptcy Court!

(Sotto voce to one another.)

No mercy! no mercy! we'll make an example!
And show him, and show him, of justice a sample!
Yes! a very fine sample!

Herr v. S. (advances wildly, flourishing his guitar.)

Solo (con fuoco) and Chorus (sotto voce.)

I'll fly to the land where first I saw light;
He'll seek for a home on some distant coast;
I'll leave all my sorrows behind me in flight
He'll leave all his sorrows behind him
And make courage and freedom my boast.

Herr v. S. (bursts into tears, and hides his face behind the guitar.)

Tailor (moved.) Harkee, Sir. Know ye no friend who would put his name to a bill? If it be a good name, we will be content.

Herr v. S. I haf no frient. I am a chentlemen of birth vrom a foreigh lant. [Weeps.]

Vintner. Better be born low, Sirrah! and rise by honesty, than come of high lineage and never pay a poor vintner's bill.

Herr v. S. (aside) Glareeza! Glareeza! vat do I not zuvver vor your zake! To vin your lofe did I ingur dese pills. *(Aloud, boldly.)* Chentlemen! gif me dime! I promise you on my vort of honour—vich is all I haf.

Groom (to others.) His words seem pretty straight. What say ye?

All. Let us call again!

Chorus.

To trample on sorrow the brave mind would scorn,
Let us feel for the woes of a brother;
For when with affliction the bosom is torn,
We are bound to assist one another—
Yes, we ought to assist one another.

Ezeunt Creditors, bowing. Herr v. S. follows them, gazing peacefully at the ceiling.

BUNDESB.—The other day, the band of the 4th Westphalian Infantry Regiment, being on a tour through Switzerland, visited this place, in the churchyard of which reposes Max Schneckenberger, who wrote the words of "Die Wacht am Rhein." Proceeding, in full uniform, to the grave, they played the choral: "Nun danket alle Gott." The clergyman then delivered an address, and the proceedings terminated by the band performing the world-renowned national hymn already mentioned.

LEIPZIG.—The Euterpe Concert-Society, favourably known for giving meritorious compositions not generally heard, will shortly resume its concerts, interrupted by the war. The members have succeeded in renting the Booksellers' Exchange, which is far more comfortable and convenient than the cold and draughty old Theatre.—Herr Robert Pflughaupt, the pianist, who died recently at Aix-la-Chapelle, has bequeathed all his property to the General Musical Association of Germany. The Association contemplates founding a Beethoven Exhibition with the money.

MANNHEIM.—The prices of admission to the Theatre will be considerably raised on and after the 1st October.—In consequence of certain disclosures, and of the action against the editors of the *Mannheimer Tagesblatt*, it was generally supposed Herr Lachner would have to resign his post of conductor. To the great astonishment of everyone, he resumed his *bâton* on the 13th ult., when he conducted the performance of Lortzing's *Wilhelm Tell*. Dr. Woother, the stage-manager, who was equally compromised at the trial, appears to have a little intention of resigning as Herr Lachner.

LONDON INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1872.

The following general regulations for exhibiting musical instruments at the London International Exhibition of 1872 have been issued by Her Majesty's Commissioners:—

I. Musical Instruments of all kinds will be exhibited, as well as the materials, machinery, and processes used in their manufacture.

II. In this Class, the following Trades, together with any others engaged in the production of Musical Instruments, may submit specimens of their respective branches of production:—

List of Trades:—Music:—Accordion Makers, Bagle and Trumpet Makers, Concertina Manufacturers, Drum Makers, Flageolet Makers, Flute Makers, Foresters' Horn Manufacturers, Fret Cutters (Pianoforte), Guitar Makers, Hammer Rail Makers, Harmonicon Manufacturers, Harp Makers, Harp String Makers, Horn, Trumpet, and Bugle Makers, Military Musical Instrument Makers, Musical Box Makers and importers, Musical Instrument Makers, Musical Instrument String Makers, Musical Instrument Turners, Musical Tube Makers, Music Smiths, Music Wire Manufacturers, Organ Builders, Organ Key Makers, Organ Metal Pipe Makers, Organ Turners, Pianoforte Action Makers, Pianoforte Hammer Coverers, Pianoforte Hammer Rail Makers, Pianoforte Key Makers, Pianoforte Makers, Pianoforte Pin Makers, Pianoforte Silkers, Pianoforte Small Work Manufacturers, Pianoforte String Makers, Pianoforte Turners, Seraphine Makers, Trumpet Makers, Tuning Fork Manufacturers, Violin and Bow String Makers, Violin Bow Makers, Violin Makers, Violoncello Makers.

III. A Producer in each of the Trades may submit a specimen of each kind of object he manufactures, although such specimen may form only a part of a complete instrument.

IV. The aim of the Exhibition being to bring prominently into notice specimens remarkable for excellence, novelty, invention, etc., it is desirable to limit the number of specimens from each producer to those which are absolutely necessary; consequently no duplicates of any object can be admitted.

V. The name of the object, as well as that of the manufacturer, should be securely attached to each article, together with its average retail price.

VI. In the case of objects requiring the use of fire, gas, steam, or water, or of any other motive power, the application must distinctly specify what provision is necessary to be made for working them, and what securities are required against danger or accident; but Her Majesty's Commissioners can only make the necessary provision for those applicants whose requirements in these respects are notified to them before the 1st of January, 1872.

VII. Persons desirous of exhibiting Machinery used in the production of Musical Instruments should state:

1. The size and weight of the machine. 2. The nature and amount of power required. 3. If, in the event of the machine being accepted for exhibition, they will undertake—*a.* To deliver it at the appointed time and place. *b.* To have it ready for work on the 1st of May. *c.* To work it daily from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. during the continuance of the Exhibition.

VIII. Objects produced in the United Kingdom as well as those objects produced in Foreign Countries, for which space has not been guaranteed, must be sent direct to the Exhibition buildings for the inspection and approval of judges appointed for the purpose. All objects must be delivered at the proper places in the building, which will be hereafter advertised, and into the care of the appointed officers, free of all charges for carriage, etc., unpacked, labelled, and ready for immediate exhibition.

IX. All Musical Instruments must be delivered on Monday, the 25th of March, 1872.

X. To enable the arrangements to be carried into effect, strict punctuality will be required in the delivery of all objects both Foreign and British. Objects presented after the day appointed for their reception cannot be admitted.

XI. Objects not accepted for exhibition must be removed according to the notices which will be given, but no objects exhibited can be removed until the close of the Exhibition.

XII. To every object, when exhibited, will be attached a label, prepared by Her Majesty's Commissioners, for which the following particulars should be supplied:—

1. The name of the object. 2. The Exhibitor's name. 3. His address. 4. The reasons why it is exhibited, such as—Its novelty. Its improvement on ordinary instruments. Its excellence. Its increased efficiency. Its cheapness. 5. The average retail price. 6. Any explanations, etc.

BREAKFAST.—EPPE'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite.—*The Civil Service Gazette* remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Eppe has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills." Each packet is labelled: JAMES EPPE & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London. Also makers of Eppe's Cacaoine, a very thin evening beverage.

A COMMUNICATION TO HIS FRIENDS.

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

(Continued from page 535.)

I had now become so conscious of my most complete solitude as an artistic being, that it was only from the feeling of this solitude that I could derive the impulse and the power to communicate with those around me. But as this impulse and this power manifested themselves so vigorously in me that, even without any conscious prospect of possibly effecting an intelligible communication, I still felt, at this particular moment, most passionately impelled to communicate with others, this could proceed only from an enthusiastically yearning frame of mind, such as resulted from the feeling of solitude.—In *Tannhäuser*, I had yearned myself out of frivolous sensuality—the only expression of sensuality in recent times—at which I revolted; my impulse tended to the unknown element of the Pure, the Chaste, and the Virginal, as the element of satisfaction for a more noble, though, at bottom, sensual, yearning, but such a yearning as precisely the frivolous Present could not satisfy. By the force of my longing, I had now raised myself to the desired eminence of the Pure and Chaste; I felt beyond the modern world, and in a clear, holy ethereal element, which, in the ecstasy of my solitude, filled me with a voluptuous shudder, experienced on the summit of the lofty Alps, when, surrounded by the blue ocean of air, we look upon the mountains and valleys below. The thinker scales such pinnacles to believe himself free, purified from everything “earthly,” and, consequently, the highest example of human potency; he is here, at last, able to enjoy himself, and, during this self-enjoyment, under the influence of the colder atmosphere on the Alpine heights, at length to stiffen into a monumental statue of ice, as which, in his capacity of philosopher and critic, he contemplates with frosty satisfaction the warm world of living beings beneath him. The yearning, however, which had driven me to these heights, was an artistic and sensually human yearning; it was not the warmth of life from which I wanted to flee, but the morass-like, steaming sultriness of the trivial sensuality of a definite kind of life, the life of the modern Present. I was warmed, too, upon the eminence, by the sunbeam of love, whose truthful impulse alone had impelled me upwards. It was precisely this blessed solitude, which, ere it had scarcely surrounded me, awoke in my breast a new and indescribably overwhelming yearning, the yearning from above to below, from the sunny splendour of the most chaste Pure to the dear shadow of the most human love, embrace. From the heights, my longing glance perceived—woman! woman, for whom the Flying Dutchman yearned from out the ocean depths of his wretchedness; woman who, as a celestial star, showed *Tannhäuser* the way out of the dens of voluptuousness in the Vennsberg to above, and who now from the sunny heights attracted Lohengrin down to the warming breast of earth.

Lohengrin sought the woman who believed in him; who would not ask who he was, whence he came, and why he was such as he appeared to her. He sought the woman to whom he should not have to explain and justify himself, but who would love him unconditionally. He had, therefore, to conceal his higher nature, for it was precisely only from the non-disclosure, the non-manifestation, of this higher—or, to speak more correctly, heightened—nature that he could derive the certainty that he was not merely looked on with astonishment, and admired on account of the latter, or that reverential and humble homage was not paid him, when he did not long for astonishment and admiration, but for the only thing which could redeem him from his solitude and still his yearning—for love; he longed to be loved, to be understood through love. With his highest senses, with his most scient consciousness, he wanted to become and be nothing more or less than a full, complete, warm feeling, and warmfelt, human being, that is: a human being generally, not a god, that is: an absolute artist. Thus did he yearn for woman—the human heart. And so did he descend from his delightful desert solitude, when he heard the cry for help of this woman, of this heart, from out the midst of humanity below. But the traitorous sacred appearance of his elevated nature clung to him, and could not be put off; he could not look aught but wondrous; the astonishment of the vulgar, and the slabbering

of the envious, cast their shadow as far as into the heart of a loving woman; doubt and jealousy testify to him that he is not understood, but only adored, and tear from him the confession of his godhead, with which he returns annihilated to his solitude.

I could not then, nor can I now, help experiencing some difficulty in understanding how the deeply tragic nature of this subject and of this character could remain unfelt, and be so misunderstood that Lohengrin should be a cold and offensive figure, awakening repugnance rather than sympathy. This objection was first made me by a friendly person, whose mind and knowledge I esteem. I learned something of him, and the knowledge thus gained has been repeatedly corroborated; it is that immediately he became acquainted with my poem, nothing less than a thoroughly moving impression was the result, and the fault he found was not apparent till the impression of the work of art had faded away, to make room for cool, reflective criticism.* This objection was not an involuntary act of the immediate feelings of the heart, but a voluntary act of the intermediary activity of the understanding. I found, therefore, the tragic nature of the character and situation of Lohengrin corroborated by this fact as something deeply rooted in modern life; it was repeated in the work of art, and in him who created the latter, just as it was represented in the hero of the poem. I now recognise, with the clearest conviction, the character and the situation of Lohengrin, as the type of the sole real classical subject, especially of what is tragical in the life element of the modern Present, and, moreover, as of equal significance for the Present as *Antigone*—under different circumstances, certainly—was for the political life of Greece.† Nothing goes beyond this most high and most true tragic feature of the Present, but the complete unity of mind and sensuality, the true and only cheerful element of life, and of the Art Work of the Future, in its highest power.—I confess even I was so far attacked by the spirit of doubt-seeking criticism as to be induced to enter seriously upon a forced motivation and alteration of my poem. By my participation in this criticism, I abandoned, for a short time, to such an extent my true position towards the poem, that I really carried my aberration to the pitch of sketching out an altered catastrophe, by which Lohengrin should be permitted to avail himself of the disclosure of his elevated nature as a reason for remaining longer with Elsa. But the utterly unsatisfactory character of this solution, which, speaking in the highest sense, was unnatural, was felt not only by me, who sketched it out during an estrangement of my own being, but by my critical friend likewise; we found in common that what disquieted our modern critical consciousness lay in the unalterable peculiarity of the subject itself; but that, on the other hand, the latter moved and determined our feelings so impressively that it must really be so connected with us as to render desirable its production as a work of art, as an immense addition to our sensational impressions, and, consequently, to the capability of our sensational power.

(To be continued.)

PARIS.—M. Gounod has just completed a new opera, *Polyeucte*. It is on the same subject, and destined to eclipse, so say those who have heard it, Donizetti's *Martyrs*.

FLORENCE.—Herr Hans von Bülow has determined to emerge from his retirement, and make a long professional tour. He will first visit Bavaria and Austria, and then proceed to America.—Madame Lucchesi will shortly appear at the Pagliano as the heroine in Halévy's *Juive*.

VIENNA.—After a long residence in Gratz, where he held the post of conductor of the Musical Union, Herr Carl Evers has returned to take up his permanent abode here. He intends devoting himself more especially to pianoforte teaching.

*This has been lately corroborated by a clever critic, who tells me that during the performance of *Lohengrin* in Weimar, he saw—according to his own confession—nothing calling for criticism, but abandoned himself undisturbed to most profound enjoyment. The doubt which afterwards arose in his mind, never, to my great delight, and complete justification, at any time, attacked a real artist; such a one could understand me entirely, which was something a critical being could not do.

†The very same thing that happened to my critic might have happened to an Athenian statesman, who, after sympathising, under the immediate impression produced by the work of art, unconditionally with *Antigone*, would, the next day, in a court of justice, have formally pronounced sentence of death on the human heroine.

ALEXANDER DUMAS.

Bacon never gave stronger proof of his knowledge of mankind than when he left his "name and memory to foreign nations and the next ages." A whole host of proverbs might be cited in justification of this bequest; and Lord Russell has felicitously described a proverb as the wisdom of many and the wit of one. "No man is a prophet in his own country." "No man is a hero to his valet de chambre." "Familiarity breeds contempt." What are these but so many variations of the same familiar tune, so many modes of expressing the same universal recognized truth, that it is vain to hope for a just and fair appreciation from our contemporaries. We may be unduly exalted as well as unduly lowered by them, for a brief period or for a set purpose; but that they should hold the scales even, and pronounce impartially on the merits or demerits of a living rival or associate, would seem to border on a moral impossibility. In conversation with James Smith, Crabbe expressed great astonishment at his own popularity in London, adding, "In my own village they think nothing of me." If people cannot bring themselves to contemplate as a real genius the quiet, unobtrusive character whom they see moving amongst them like any other ordinary mortal, how can they be expected to recognize, as a duly qualified candidate for the character, one who is mixed up in a succession of literary or party intrigues and contests, who is alternately wounding their prejudices or flattering their self-love, whose fame or notoriety resembles the shuttlecock, which is only kept from falling by being struck from side to side in rivalry.

In England, of late years, political acrimony has been nearly banished from the higher regions of criticism; but an infinity of disturbing forces have been unceasingly at work to prevent the fair estimate of a popular writer in France, and there never was a popular writer who had better reason than Alexander Dumas to protest against the contemporary judgment of his countrymen, or to appeal, like Bacon, to foreign nations and the next ages. This could hardly have been his own opinion when he commenced the publication of his autobiography, which was far from mitigating the spirit of detraction he had provoked; but his death may be accepted as an atonement for his manifold offences; and the most cursory glance at his career will show that its irregularities were indissolubly connected with its brilliancy. It was an adventurous one, in every sense of the term. From its commencement to its close he threw reflection overboard, and cast prudence to the winds. He is one of the most remarkable examples of fearless self-reliance, restless activity, and sustained exertion, we ever read or heard of. His resources of all sorts, mental and bodily, proved inexhaustible till six months before his death, although he had been drawing upon them from early youth with reckless prodigality. Among his many *jours de force* was the composition of a complete five-act drama within eight days, and the editorship of a daily journal—*Le Mousquetaire*, upon a distinct understanding with his subscribers, faithfully observed, that the contents should be supplied by his pen. It was towards the end of the second month of the satisfactory performance of this task that he received the following letter:—

"MY DEAR DUMAS,

"You have been informed that I have become one of your subscribers (*abonné*), and you ask my opinion of your journal. I have an opinion on things human: I have none on miracles: you are superhuman. My opinion of you! It is a note of exclamation! People have tried to discover perpetual motion. You have done better: you have created perpetual astonishment. Adieu; live; in other words, write: I am there to read. LAMARTINE.

"Paris, 20th December, 1853."

He set up a Theatre—*Le Théâtre Historique*—for the representation of his own plays, as he set up a journal for his own contributions. He has not written quite as many plays as Lope de Vega, but he has written four times as many romances as the author of *Waverley*; and he has done quite enough in both walks to confute the theory that a successful dramatist must necessarily fail as a novelist, and *vice versa*; a theory, it will be remembered, maintained and exemplified by Sir Walter Scott, and plausibly supported by the illustrious examples of Fielding, Smollett, Cervantes, and Le Sage. Postponing for a moment the questions of morality and originality, it can no longer be denied in any quarter that Dumas' influence, whether for good or evil, has been immense on both sides of the Channel. Indeed, we are by no means sure that his romances have not been more read by the higher class in this country than in his own. Nor, in glancing over his multifarious claims to rank amongst the leading spirits of his age must we forget his numerous *Voyages* and *Impressions de Voyages*, constituting altogether between twenty and thirty most amusing and instructive volumes of travels. But they are wholly unlike what are commonly called Travels, and constitute an entirely new style of writing. He has a prodigious memory, filled to overflowing with the genuine romance of history; he lights instinctively upon every local tradition that is worth recording; he has a quick eye for the picturesque and (above all) an exquisite perception of the humorous.

He is about the best possible story-teller in print, and he rarely dwells too long on a ludicrous incident, nor forces us to keep company with his laughable characters till they grow wearisome.

The wonder at his unprecedented fertility and versatility had led at one time to a very general belief that most of his publications were concocted by a set of 'prentice hands or journeymen, whom he paid at so much a sheet; and that the utmost he contributed to their handiwork was a masterly touch here and there, and his name on the title-page. One of these, named Macquet, boldly laid claim to a lion's share in the composition of the best, and was strenuously supported by critics of authority.* But Macquet was avowedly employed by Dumas for twenty years to hunt up subjects, supply accessories, or do for him what eminent portrait painters are wont to leave to pupils, namely, the preparation of the canvas, the mixing of the colours, the rough outline of the figures, or the drapery. That Macquet was capable of nothing better or higher, was proved by his utter failure as a novelist, whenever, both before and after the alleged partnership, he set up for himself. A curious attempt was then made to show by calculation that the number of pages which Dumas, according to his own account, must have composed during his literary life, was more than the most practised penman could have copied in the same space of time at the rate of sixty pages a day. But as his literary life lasted more than forty years, the required quantity per day is quadrupled or quintupled in this estimate; and the production of twelve or fourteen widely-printed pages, on the average, for a series of years, is by no means a physical impossibility. This rate of composition was often exceeded by Sir Walter Scott; who wrote or dictated the *Bride of Lammermoor* whilst suffering from cramp in the stomach to an extent that often compelled him to break off and throw himself on a sofa to writhe in agony. Lope de Vega is known to have written five full-length dramas in fifteen days, and his dramatic compositions, published or unpublished, have been computed to exceed two thousand.† Edgeworth states, in his *Memoirs*, as an ascertained fact on which heavy bets were laid and won, that a man could run faster with a carriage-wheel, which he propelled with the bare hand as a child trundles a hoop, than when he was entirely unencumbered, provided the prescribed distance were sufficient for the impetus or adventitious motion thus acquired to tell. This sounds more paradoxical and open to doubt than a statement made in our hearing by Dumas, that, when he warmed to his work, he can supply original matter faster than it could be transcribed by the readiest penman. His mode of life was thus described in the *Siècle*:—

"He rises at six; before him are laid thirty-five sheets of paper of the largest size; he takes up his pen and writes in a hand that M. de Saint-Omer would envy till eleven. At eleven he breakfasts, always in company; the author of *Monte Christo* is the most hospitable of men of letters; during this meal, in which he plays a good knife and fork, his spirits and his wit never flag. At twelve, he resumes the pen, not to quit it again till six in the evening. The dinner finds him what he was in the morning, as lively, as light-hearted, as ready at repartee. If by chance he has not filled the allotted number of sheets, a momentary shade passes over his face, he steals away, and returns two or three hours later to enjoy the pleasures of the *soirée*. The year has three hundred and sixty-five days; we have described three hundred and sixty-five days of the famous novelist and dramatist."

We have now before us (received from Dumas) the original manuscript of a chapter of the *Mémoires d'un Médecin*, obviously dashed off at a heat. The handwriting is large, round, and free, bearing a strong resemblance to that of Scott, who, according to Lockhart, rose at the same hour, and whenever (as was frequently the case) there was a distinguished company at Abbotsford, completed his allotted task before breakfast, so as to be free to attend to the amusement of his guests.

The charge of plagiarism is one easily brought, and not easily parried except by showing that there is nothing new under the sun, and that the most inventive minds have not disdained to borrow from their predecessors. Virgil borrowed from Homer; Racine, from Euripides; Corneille (for his *Cid*), from a Spanish dramatist. "Je prends mon bien où je trouve" was the unabashed avowal of Molière. "Evil betide those who have said or written our good things before us," was the half-comic, half-serious exclamation of a truly original wit. Shakespeare drew largely on chronicles, popular histories and story-books for his characters and plots: his Greeks and Romans frequently speak the very words placed in their mouths by Plutarch: *Julius Cæsar* was preceded by a Latin play on the same subject, and (amongst other

* *Fabrique de Romans: Maison Dumas et Compagnie*. Par Eugène de Mirecourt. Paris, 1845. *Les Supercheries littéraires dévoilées*. Par J. M. Quérard. Troisième Edition. Paris, 1859. Article 'Dumas' (Alexander Davy). This article, containing 152 pages of close print in double columns, is a collection of all the criticisms and attacks, founded or unfounded, ever levelled against Dumas; and although invaluable as a fund of information, it carries little weight as an authority, by reason of its obvious exaggeration and injustice.

† Ticknor's 'History of Spanish Literature,' vol. ii., p. 204.

things) the famous *Et tu, Brute?* (which rests on no classical authority) was taken from it. Voltaire sedulously ran down Shakspeare to throw dust in the eyes of the French public, and prevent them from discovering his obligations to the barbarian, as they designated the author of *Hamlet*. "L'Ermite" in *Zadig* is a mere paraphrase of Parnell's poem, "The Hermit;" and the fable (Voltaire's) of *Le Lion et le Marseillais* is borrowed from Mandeville. The framework and all the solid portions of Mirabeau's best speeches were notoriously supplied by Dumont; little being left for the orator but to infuse the Promethean fire and vivify the mass.

(To be continued.)

BEETHOVEN CENTENARY FESTIVAL AT BONN.

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

Music and all peaceful and elevating arts must give place to war, and so this celebration of the hundredth birthday of the grandest musical genius the world has as yet seen is made a year later than it ought to have been, if all things had gone smoothly and happily. The great love which all classes of his countrymen feel for the sublime creations of Beethoven's wonderful brain, determined the directors to postpone the time only, and not to forego the festival as at first contemplated, and the desire to assist at such a meeting, on such an occasion, induced so many to be present, that there was not a place to be obtained for any one of the concerts. As most Englishmen who have been on the continent have seen the joyous manner in which Sunday is observed, it will be therefore scarcely needful to say more than that the town of Bonn looked unusually gay. Bright skies and light hearts seemed to impart an additional brilliancy to the scene, aided by the many coloured flags displayed from nearly every window in every street; and as the streets are exceedingly narrow, the larger banners, or bunting, stretched from wall to wall, had a pretty effect. Those of the inhabitants of Bonn who were unable or unwilling to pay the fees demanded for entrance to the concert-room, contented themselves (the male portion smoking pipes of strange construction) with gravely scrutinising the passers-by, either at their own doors or windows, or collected in a peaceful crowd in the open place in front of the Beethoven Halle. Within the hall on Sunday the sight was most remarkable, for nearly every town of importance in England and the Continent was represented by its musical intellect. The hall in which the concerts were given is a very plain building of an oblong form, with a gallery running round the four sides, an organ occupying the whole of one end, and arrangements for seats the other three; the construction is of the plainest, and the decorations of the simplest. Everything was simple to a degree, it seeming to be the general understanding among the audience that that which appealed to the eyes was of less importance than that which appealed to the ear and to the heart. The enthusiasm with which singers, players, and directors went about their work was something wonderful; nothing seemed to tire them; for the two or three days preceding the festival, three, and even four rehearsals a day had been the rule, the first commencing at half-past eight in the morning—for the Germans are an early people—the second at ten, the third at four in the afternoon, and the fourth at five. In point of numbers the orchestra and choir was of less importance than the complement considered necessary in England for similar occasions, but in point of efficiency it was in many respects superior. The vocal body was formed of 106 sopranos, 92 altos (all female voices), 79 tenors, and 96 basses. There were 38 violins, 14 violas, 14 violoncellos, 12 double basses, 4 flutes, 4 oboes, 4 clarinets, 3 bassoons, 1 double bassoon, 6 horns, 3 trumpets, 3 trombones, one pair of kettle drums, 1 big drum, and the organ. The whole of the music was conducted by Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, of Cologne. The festival lasted four days, commencing on Sunday and ending on Wednesday.

The programme of the first concert consisted of two pieces only, the "Messe Solenne" in D, and the fifth symphony in C Minor. The oldest and most experienced musicians present agreed in declaring the execution of the Mass the finest they ever remembered. In the opening chords in the "Kyrie" the voices of the singers told with beautiful effect. It was somewhat strange to unaccustomed ears to hear the Latin words pronounced according to the German fashion. The principal singers seemed to have been selected, not alone because they were possessed of good voices, but because they were all thorough musicians, the soprano being Frau Otto-Alvsleben; Frau Joachim, alto; Herr Vogl, tenor; and Herr Schulze, bass. Notwithstanding the fact that the pitch employed was lower than that of our English orchestras, the trying character of the voice parts necessitated slight pauses after the "Gloria" and the "Credo," in order to give the voices rest, but the singers performed their share of the work most brilliantly and courageously. The band was magnificent as a whole.

The concert on Monday night was excellent, the first part commencing with the overture to *Leonora*, No. 3, followed by the march

and chorus from *The Ruins of Athens*; after which Herr Joachim played the concerto for violin with the band; and to this succeeded the *Choral Fantasia*, in which the choir, band, and Herr Charles Hallé combined their several powers. The performance of the *Eroica* symphony occupied the second part, and completed the concert. The duty of conducting the works was divided between Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, of Cologne, and Herr von Wasielewski, of Bonn, Dr. Ferdinand Hiller directing the *Leonora* overture, the *Choral Fantasia*, and the symphony, and Herr von Wasielewski the remaining pieces. In the performance of the violin concerto, Herr Joachim seemed to exceed his well-known powers, and to play with a truthfulness and modesty that was more than usually noticeable. He played his part from memory without a hitch or a fault, and Herr Hallé played his concerto also without a copy.

One of the best programmes was reserved for the performance on Tuesday. Commencing with the overture to *Coriolanus*, the *Elegie-chegang*, for four voices, the E flat concerto for pianoforte and orchestra, the aria, "Ah! perfido," and the overture to *Egmont*, comprised the first part; the Ninth Symphony occupying the whole of the second. The *Elegy* finely sung by Frau Otto Alvsleben, Frau Joachim, Herr Vogl, and Herr Schulze, was succeeded by the E flat concerto for pianoforte and orchestra the pianoforte part being performed by Charles Hallé. In "Ah! perfido," which followed, Madame Joachim displayed excellences both of voice and style. The audience appeared thoroughly to enjoy her performance, and the chorus singers literally rained bouquets upon her. A performance of the overture to *Egmont* ended the first part, the whole being conducted by Dr. Hiller, the concerto excepted, which was directed by Herr Wasielewski. Upon returning to the room after the interval, the Ninth and greatest of Beethoven's symphonies was commenced, Herr Joachim lending his valuable aid to the performance, playing at the leader's desk, Strauss and Von Koenigslow, the principal between first violins. The heat, which had been great all the evening, was now made greater by the additional light necessary, and the frequent breaking of violin strings produced effects not calculated for in the score. In the choral movement of the symphony the greatest success was obtained, the chorus singing the high and difficult music with wonderful vigour and precision, the solo parts also being well sung by Frau Otto Alvsleben, Frau Joachim, Herren Vogl and Schulze—more especially the trying soprano part, which the first-named singer accomplished with remarkable effect. At the finish the cheering and shouting and fanfares were only equalled in force by the showering of bouquets and flowers in the place where the conductor had stood, for Dr. Hiller retired immediately on the conclusion of the symphony. Being recalled with acclamation, he returned, and in a few hearty and heartfelt words expressed his gratification at the reception afforded to the work, referring the honour of the performance to his band and chorus. Then after more shouts and *hochs*, the audience separated in a glow of delight. The only morning performance took place on Wednesday, and consisted of Quartet for stringed instruments (Op. 95), in F minor, Herren Joachim, Von Koenigslow, Strauss, and Grützacher; aria, "Adelaide," Herr Vogl; Sonata for pianoforte and violoncello (Op. 69), Dr. Hiller and F. Grützacher; songs, "Wonne der Wehmuth" and "Kennst du das Land," Frau Joachim; String Quartet (Op. 69, No. 3), in C, Herren Joachim, Von Koenigslow, Strauss, and Grützacher.

The committee's excursion on the Rhine served as an opportunity for the renewal of expressions of kindness and courtesy to those visitors who were favoured with invitations; and, although it may be said to have been part and parcel of the festival, it was more of a private matter than one that would be sufficiently interesting to warrant a full report of the speeches made, and of the matters generally accomplished. A pilgrimage to Schumann's grave; one more look at the two houses in which Beethoven may have lived; a visit to his statue, with the railings hung with wreaths; another glance at the wide Münster platz, with the noble old Norman cathedral on one side, the buildings of the university on the other; a last walk under the trees, from which hung festoons of flowers and leaves, placed by loving hands in honour of the great occasion; and so, with the mind full of memories, and the heart overflowing with mingled feelings, silently and sadly, yet happily, "the daily round, the common task," the ordinary toil is once more to be resumed among scenes, sounds, and sights that are but too familiar.

C. C. COBB:—M.D.

WARSAW.—Herr B. Bilse, of Berlin, with his band of sixty performers, has been giving a series of very successful concerts.

Mr. A. ST. ALBYN, formerly a member of the Pyne and Harrison English Opera Company, and lately performing at the Globe theatre the part of *Fal-sac-appa*, in the burlesque of that name, died on Monday morning at the Charing Cross Hospital of consumption. Mr. St. Albyn was a son of the once popular dancer of that name.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. K.—Yes; the word really means a "finder." "Questi" (the minstrels of Provence), says an Italian writer, "eran tenuti in grande considerazione alle corti de' Principi, ed erano conosciuti sotto il nome di *Troubaduri* (Trovatori), per la facilità con cui trovavano improvvisando le rime."

ST. IVES.—In your case, Virgil's celebrated lines, commencing—

"Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes,"

are particularly applicable.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER (York).—There were two Cervettos, father and son. Both were violoncellists. The father reached the great age of one-hundred-and-one. The son died younger, but was accounted the better player.

J. W. D.—Greetings.

Haec tuus editor lento tibi mittit, amice.

Nihil mihi scribas attamen; ipse veni.

B. (Joseph).—The line is:

"Though lost to sight, to mem'ry dear";

but do not believe it.

SHEPHERTON.—The article in question appeared in the *Musical World* of Saturday, January 21st, 1865.

ESPYEAN.—Undoubtedly—that is, admitting the psychrometer to be an uncertain testimony below freezing point.

AMATEUR PIANIST.—The last appearance of Miss Josephine Fletcher in public was at one of Mr. John Boosey's Summer Ballad Concerts (June 26th), in St. James's Hall, when she played a duet on the piano-forte with Madame Arabella Goddard, her instructress.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the *MUSICAL WORLD* is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyl Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1871.

MUSIC IN BERLIN.

WHEN Thomas Tucker, Esq., familiarly known as Little Tommy Tucker, sang for his supper, consisting of white bread and butter, he pathetically enquired how he could cut it without a knife. To this question he appended another, namely: "How shall I marry without a wife?" Ah! how, indeed! But if matrimony is difficult to effect with only one individual engaged in the process, there are other things in this world not much easier, and one of those things is writing a letter, when you have nothing to say. Such is, unfortunately, my case this week. "Why, then, write at all?" I hear, in my mind's ear, somebody ask. Why?—Why, because

"Conscience doth make cowards of us all."

Knowing that I have been a rather negligent correspondent in former days, I am afraid my silence might be attributed to anything but the true reason, and so I boldly determine to face the difficulty, and write, if needs be, upon nothing, just as formerly the poor wretches at Tyburn used to dance upon the same immaterial and vague stand-point. In their case, the process was painful to themselves; in mine, it may prove painful to others, these others being the persons who read me. But no matter; my ink's up now, so here goes. After all, I dare say I shall manage pretty well. A patch-work counterpane is not to be despised, though it consists of hundreds of little bits, and I have plenty of scraps of news, though no one subject of paramount importance.

The Royal Operahouse re-opened its doors on the 18th inst., which, by the way, will be the 18th ult., by the time

this appears in print. The opera was *Die Zauberflöte*, Mesdilles. Berger and Groasi being Pamina and the Queen of Night; Herren Behrens, Krüger and Schmidt, Sarastro, Tamano, and Papageno respectively. The house was full, and the audience not chary of their applause, as each old favourite made his or her appearance after the holidays. We have since had *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with Mendelssohn's music; Weber's *Preciosa*, and Boildieu's *Dame Blanche*.—A great deal has been said about the new ballet, composed by Herr P. Taglioni, à propos of the late war. It was to have been performed when the victorious troops made their triumphal entry here, but its production was, for some reason or other, put off. It will be brought out immediately Herr Taglioni returns from Vienna, whither he has betaken himself to superintend the getting up of his ballet *Fantaska*. By the way, I wonder what is the true measure for a ballet; I do not mean the measure of the music, but the length to which the terpsichorean author may go. The ladies who figure in such productions sometimes go great lengths in the matter of short skirts. After mature reflection, I have come to the conclusion that a ballet ought to be measured by its feet. This, however, by the way.

I duly informed you, some time since, of the success achieved at Kroll's theatre by *Les Huguenots*. The performances, which were suspended when Herr Theodor Formes left, have been resumed, but the result has not been altogether as satisfactory as could have been desired. Herr Himmer is not a good Raoul; he has a far stronger voice than his predecessor, but his singing is marred by a bad style.—A new one-act romantic opera, entitled *Des Wirthes Tochterlein*, has been brought out at the Walhalla-Volkstheater. The book is by Herr C. Matthias, and the music by Herr R. Lescinsky. The book is not worth much. That, however, does not surprise me. One of the most difficult things in existence is to write a good libretto. The music, on the other hand, is exceedingly clever.—The Victoria Theatre will be opened on the 1st September; the new manager, Herr Heinrich Behr, has issued an address, in which he promises to do his best to please his patrons, whose indulgence he begs for any little want of ensemble in the performances before the members of his company have become acquainted with one another, and settled down into good working order. Now, as the 1st September has not been specially devoted to the opening of the Victoria Theatre, as it has to the commencement of partridge shooting, it strikes me that if Herr Heinrich Behr could not get his company into good working order by the above date, he would have done better to postpone opening his theatre until such time as he could get them into the order aforesaid; this would have been better than issuing addresses and treating his audiences to a series of exhibitions, which his own words justify us in believing will be anything but perfect.

The Cathedral Choir have resumed their duties. During their vacation, ten of the members thought the best way to rest themselves from their regular labours, and enjoy the repose of which they stood so much in need, would be to give a series of concerts, on what I may euphoniously designate as *leur propre crémaillère*, and such a series they gave accordingly in the Rhine Provinces. Talking of the Cathedral Choir reminds me of the Berlin Sinfoniekapelle. I do not know why it should, but it does. Why is King Pippin always associated in every well-educated mind with diaper napkin? Well, the Berlin Sinfoniekapelle intends shortly resuming its subscription concerts, rudely broken off by the war. The Kappelle used to be conducted by

Professor Stern and Herr Deppe alternately, but the state of the Professor's health has compelled him, at least temporarily, to resign his post.

On glancing yesterday over the *Indépendance* of Brussels, I read the following observations, which I make no apology for quoting:—

"After giving Auber a grand funeral, there still remains the task of erecting a monument to him. This is a second debt which Paris and France are bound to pay the composer who was most especially the representative of the national school. And will not there be a general desire to take part in this act of homage? Into what country of the civilized world have not Auber's operas penetrated? Where are there any amateurs who have not sung his romances and his duets, or played his motives on the piano or violin? If all whom his music has charmed or recreated contribute to the subscription open for his monument, an enormous sum will be collected, no matter how small each separate contribution. Such ought to be the case. In the age in which we live, there are no longer any frontiers for art or for artists. Reputations do not stop at any conventional line of demarcation; they are universal, in the case, at least, of men of superior merit. Musicians and painters have an especial right to claim the benefit of this universality. All intelligent persons experience the same impressions on viewing a picture or listening to a score, whether they are French, Italian, German, English, Russian, Belgian, or Dutch. The colour of the flag or the language makes no difference. If we still meet here and there people who think to enhance their own country by pretending to esteem only what is done there, and by disputing the merit of foreign savants, writers, and artists, their number is diminishing every day. It is certainly not in Paris that we count the most. Paris possesses the sentiment, and, up to a certain point, the vanity of hospitality. If the public of Paris like to hear it conceded that, in the arts, no reputation is solidly established unless consecrated by their suffrage, they are, on the other hand, always ready to welcome talent, no matter whence it may come; it is the duty of other nations to reciprocate this. That is the reason why all the musicians and all the dilettanti in the world should give their offering towards raising a monument to Auber."

With regard to raising a monument to Auber, there cannot be the slightest difference of opinion, but as to what the writer—who, I shrewdly suspect, is a Frenchman, though his article does appear in a Belgian paper—asserts concerning Paris and the Parisians, it is simply nonsense. Some day I may return to the subject. At present I say only—
VALE.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN was born at Bonn, in the street (Rhein-Gasse), named after the river which the Germans are so proud to hold as their exclusive own, on the 17th of December, 1770. On the 10th, 11th, 12th and 13th of August, 1845, a musical festival was held at Bonn, to celebrate the inauguration of the bronze statue of the great musician, erected by the famous sculptor, Hähnel, in the Münster-Platz. On the first day (Sunday) there was the general rehearsal, a serenade in the great Square, and, in the evening, the first concert, after which there were fireworks on the Rhine. On the second day (August 11th, 1845) a new steamboat was baptised "*Beethoven*," and there was an excursion to Nonnenwerth, and in the evening a "Volks' Ball." The grand day was the 12th: again a serenade in the Square at seven, a.m.; at eight a procession to the Cathedral, with the performance of Beethoven's Mass in C major, No. 1; at eleven o'clock, on the "Münster-Platz," the Statue was inaugurated; at 4 p.m. a grand concert in the Beethoven Hall; another serenade at eight p.m., and Bonn was illuminated. On Wednesday (13th August, 1845) was the *Künstler* (Artists') concert, and a banquet in a vast saloon, erected for the occasion by the late Herr Schmidt, proprietor of the Golden Star. There was also the torch-light *fête* at the Palace of Brühl, where the late King of Prussia received Queen Victoria and the late Prince Consort, who were present at the un-

covering of the statue. The conductors at the festival were the late Spohr, the late Professor Breidenstein, and Dr. (now Abbate) Franz Liszt. The solo singers were Mesdames Tüschek, Schloss, Kratky, and Sachs, Herren Mantius and Staudigl. The Mass in D (No. 2), and the Choral Symphony (No. 9), were the most conspicuous pieces. The performance of each of these was directed by Spohr. Liszt played the E flat concerto, and at the Artist's Concert, M^{me}. Pleyel performed Weber's *Concert-Stück* on the pianoforte. Prussian military bands, under the direction of Meyerbeer, serenaded the Queen of England, with selections from the *Camp of Silesia* (*Vielka*—afterwards *L'Etoile du Nord*) and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (Mendelssohn), the *Wedding March* from which was executed by several hundreds of instruments, of wood, brass, and percussion. Among the distinguished visitors on this memorable occasion were divers crowned potentates, composers, and *virtuosi* from all countries, poets, philosophers, and representatives of the press, of various nations, who, in their daily records of what passed, provided materials for making the event historical. In comparison with the Centenary Festival last week, the Festival for the unveiling of the Statue was on a scale of much greater magnitude; but that admirable musician, Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, to whose direction the whole of the musical proceedings were confided, contrived, with the aid of an indomitable host of singers and players, to make the performance, at least of the more important pieces, such as the Mass, the "No. 9" (Choral), the overtures, and the other symphonies, still more impressive and exciting. About the Festival of 1871, however, we have still much to say.

GAIETY THEATRE.

M. Offenbach's *Grand Duchess* made her "first appearance this season" on Monday evening at the Gaiety Theatre, which "opened its doors" for the autumn performances. Miss Julia Matthews, Miss Constance Loseby, Mr. Stoye, Mr. Cooke, Mr. F. Payne, Mr. Fox, Mr. Aynsley Cooke, and Mr. Charles Lyall, were the representatives of the different characters. Mr. Charles Lyall made his first appearance (in London) as Fritz, and made a decided "hit." At the end of the second act, the "Grand Duchess Quadrille" was danced by M^{lle}. Esta and the brothers Payne. The house was well filled.

OPERA COMIQUE.

This elegant little theatre opened its doors last Saturday, under the management of Mr. Edward Harris, for the purpose of presenting the public with a series of performances, in English, of Molière's plays. "*The Doctor, in spite of himself*" (*Le Medecin Malgré Lui*) was selected for the occasion, and was fairly represented by Miss M. Oliver, Miss Lizzie Russell, Miss Poynter, Messrs. Lin Rayne, F. Dewar, Yarnold, Pritchard, and Atkins. At the conclusion of the play the actors were called before the curtain, and the same compliment was afterwards paid to the translator of the piece, Mr. S. Palmer. Previous to the comedy, a new operetta, entitled *Marie* (the music by Mr. D'Oyley Carte) was given. But the evident want of knowledge of their parts by the performers completely marred any effect the operetta might have produced under other conditions. We can, therefore, merely record its production, and that the characters were sustained by Miss Emmeline Cole, and Messrs. Cotte and Carlton. Mr. D'Oyley Carte conducted the operetta.

Mr. George Grove, the amiable and distinguished manager and secretary of the Crystal Palace, after hearing the Beethoven Festival, is passing his holiday in Switzerland.

The Promenade Concerts in the Floral Hall, Covent Garden, under the direction of M. Rivière, are progressing as favourably as could be wished. There has been another "classical" evening, and also a "Ballad" evening, and last night the first part of the concert was to be devoted to sacred music, including selections from the *Messiah*. M. Rivière leaves nothing untried to add to the attractions of his concerts.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

ACCORDING to Herr August Folsch, of Vienna, more than one hundred and fifty theatres have been burnt down during the last century. Of these no less than fifty were destroyed in ten years, and no less than ten in one only—1867.

It is not only rich merchants "who in London do dwell," or members of the English aristocracy, such as the Duke of St. Albans and the Earl of Derby, *cum multis aliis*, who seek a wife behind the footlights. Mdlle. Kroneberg, a clever young singer, is said to be on the point of leaving the stage at St. Petersburg, and marrying one of the richest merchants in Moscow. Mdlle. Lawroski, also, according to several of the Russian papers, is about to become the wife of a Prince—Prince Z. His title, as here given, is certainly rather vague, and would not satisfy the authorities at our Foreign Office, if he applied for a passport. It is, however, further announced that he is employed in one of the Russian ministries. As there are not above two or three hundred of the latter in Russia, there cannot be the slightest difficulty in identifying the Prince at once.

"The course of true love never did run smooth," we are frequently told. We reply: Why should it? What course ever did? In all sublunary affairs, and not in those of love alone, "Surgit anari aliquid" when least expected. Who would have thought that, after having been second conductor at the Nationaltheater, Pesh, for no less than twenty-eight years, and when he was on the point of being entitled to a pension, Herr Carl Huber should suddenly receive warning, just like a poor servant-of-all-work? It certainly does appear hard. And to think that Herr R. Wagner is at the bottom of it all! Marry, how? Perpend. Herr Richter has just been engaged as a conductor; the manager says no theatre can support four conductors; Herr Carl Huber is consequently discharged; and Herr Richter is the friend and *protégé*, i.e., the admirer, of Herr R. Wagner. If Herr R. Wagner had never composed Music of the Future generally, and *Die Walküre* in particular, Herr Richter would never have left Munich, and could not have been engaged at Pesh. Argal: Herr R. Wagner was at the bottom of it all. There! Q. E. D. One would have thought, though, that if it had been necessary to get rid of anyone, the manager might have discharged Herr Julius Erkel, who has been conductor only six years. Can the fact of Herr Huber's being so soon entitled to his pension have anything to do with the matter? *Quien sabe?*

If there really is nothing new under the sun, there are many things which appear very much like it. In this category may be classed the plan adopted at the new Alameda Summer Theatre, Valencia, Spain. There are five performances, operatic, dramatic, and balletic, daily. Each performance lasts two hours. The first takes place from six to eight. Every spectator receives a ticket entitling him to a breakfast at a restaurant in the Alameda. The other four performances commence at four p.m., and conclude at midnight. We have not heard that every one attending the last performance has a right to demand a ticket for a bed. He ought, if he has attended all the five performances. Fancy performances beginning at six a.m.! Why this beats even Richardson's, where, even in the palmiest days of Greenwich Fair, the business never commenced till the early part of the afternoon. The only place where such matutinal representations as those at the Alameda Theatre might answer is London. They might attract the choice spirits who had not been to bed all night, and whose proud boast it is that they "will not go home till morning." Still we should not select such an enterprise as a good investment for our capital.

A "SELF-ACTING escapement and perfect check-repeater action" was patented in 1862, by Mr. Thomas Molineux, of Manchester, and Park Village East, London. Mr. Molineux claims that it is a simple, effective, and durable action, and that it is the only check-action that has but one centre of friction; and that, consequently, the most powerful blow can be produced without increasing the weight of the touch. The following is a description of the action:—The lower end of the sticker, or hopper, rests on the key, and there is a regulating screw in the end of the

key, whereon the sticker rests. The hammer is propelled by the upper end of the sticker, which is bevelled, so as to allow it to escape more freely; and there is an adjusting screw in the sticker, against which the tail of the hammer-butt comes when the hammer reaches the string. The position of the checks—one part being fixed to and working with the sticker, and the other fixed to the hammer-butt, each of which, when in motion, forms the segment of a circle—assists the repetition of the blow of the hammer. Towards the upper end of the sticker is affixed the lower end of a spring, the upper end of which is attached to a loop, or cord, which is affixed to the hammer-butt. By these means, when the hammer strikes the string, the tail of the hammer-butt comes against the adjusting screw on the sticker, which presses out the sticker, and thus releases the hammer from the spring. The spring also draws the hammer into check. In repeating the blow of the hammer, the spring presses the sticker against the hammer-butt, and produces a very rapid repeat. To show more fully the capabilities of this action, a full-sized model has been placed in the Society's House, for the inspection of members and their friends; a working model may also be seen at the Royal Polytechnic Institute, the hammer of which strikes the strings more than a million times per annum without the action deteriorating.

FRENCH managers have long objected to the tax levied upon their receipts for the benefit of the poor; and when London managers reflect with envy on the advantages enjoyed by their Parisian *confères* in the shape of subventions, they would do well to remember that even those who receive no subvention at all are liable to this impost. The "*droit des pauvres*" seems to have had its origin in the idea that theatrical performances are sinful things, for which atonement must be made by acts of charity, and it is maintained simply as a convenient means of furnishing funds for the destitute. Parisian directors are protesting against the continuance of the tax, on the ground that they are themselves not far from destitution. They have asked, first, that the "*droit des pauvres*" may be abolished; secondly, that if not abolished, it may be levied on profits, and not on receipts, so that managers who are doing a losing business may not be called upon to pay it; thirdly, that if the obnoxious "right" shall, in spite of protest, be preserved, it may not be raised from 3 to 5 per cent., as proposed. All that M. Thiers has promised the directors of the Palais Royal, the Variétés, and the Bouffes Parisiens, who lately waited upon him, is that the percentage shall not be increased.

COBURG.—Dr. Ed. Tempelvey has been appointed by the Duke Intendant of the Ducal Theatre and Capelle.

GHEENT.—The place of Director of the Conservatory is vacant. The salary is eight thousand francs.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—M. Ambroise Thomas's *Mignon* will be produced at the Italian Opera, with Signore Volpini, Lucca, Patti, Signori Niccolini, Bettini, and Graziana, in the principal parts.

MILAN.—It is said that Signor Verdi's new opera, *Aida*, will be one of the *opere d'obbligo* at the Scala. The first performance of *Guarany* by Signor Gomez, at the same theatre, was to take place on the 2nd inst.

BADEN.—The company from the Grand Ducal Theatre at Karlsruhe have been giving a series of performances. The Italian Operatic season commenced on the 13th August; it will terminate on the 15th of the present month.

BRUSSELS.—M. Vachot, the manager of the Théâtre de la Monnaie, is said to be in negotiation with Mdlle. Edelsberg. Mad. Adelina Patti will give two performances in October. The operas selected are *Les Huguenots* and *Rigoletto*. She will sing in French. Many of the artists engaged by M. Vachot want to cancel their engagements in consequence of the brilliant offers made them from Paris. Among others, the papers mention Mdlle. Nordet, who has appeared very successfully at the Opéra-Comique, in *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*, and *Les Noces de Jeannette*. Mdlle. Laureçon, also, a dancer, is desirous of exchanging the air of Brussels for that of Paris. She has been offered an engagement at the Grand Opéra. M. Deplechin is painting the scenery for *Hamlet*, while MM. Derveaux and Brackman are studying the models of the scenery in the *Fliegender Holländer*, here called *Le Vaisseau fantôme*. There is every probability that M. Vieuxtemps will be appointed professor of the first violin class at the Conservatory. If he accepts the appointment, however, it will be on the understanding that he is to have six months' leave of absence every year.

PROVINCIAL.

New BRIGHTON.—We take the following from the *Birkenhead Advertiser*, of the 26th ult. :—

"A grand concert was given on Wednesday evening at the Assembly Rooms, the performers being Mrs. Beesley (pianist), Mr. H. Lawson (solo violin), Signor Bodani (solo violoncello), and Madame Billinie Porter (solo vocalist), of this town, who has been so successful this year at a variety of concerts in the metropolis. Members of many leading families of the district were present, who fully appreciated the admirably performed classical music, if we may judge by the great attention bestowed throughout. The programme consisted of a trio by Beethoven; song, 'The Fisherman'—Meyerbeer; solo piano-forte—Weber; sonata—Beethoven; song, 'A Bird Sat on an Alder Bough'; solos, violin and violoncello—Mendelssohn; song, 'Orpheus with his Lute'—Sullivan. It is to be hoped that the artists named have received sufficient encouragement to warrant them in giving further performances of classical music at the same place."

NewPORT (Isle of Wight).—We have received the subjoined from a correspondent :—

"On Thursday, August 10, a festival of the choirs of the Isle of Wight was held at St. Thomas's Church, Newport, when about 400 voices took part in the service. The choirs had been previously trained by the Rev. W. H. Nutter, whose services in this matter are beyond praise. Mr. Kinke, of Lambeth, presided at the organ. The chanting generally was characterised by great smoothness and precision; the hymns, particularly one, sung to music by Henry Smart, 'Hark! hark, my soul, angelic songs are swelling,' were most effectively rendered; and Goss's anthem, 'O, Praise the Lord,' was executed in a manner that reflected the greatest credit on the choirs. The sermon in the morning was preached by the Bishop of Winchester. The festival was an undoubted success, and we hope it will be found to have given a stimulus to the cultivation of choral singing in the Isle of Wight."

IN RETROSPECTU.

At the eleventh hour Mr. Mapleson did something to redeem the season at Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane, from the reproach of absolute barrenness. Without *Anna Bolena*, we hardly know what place it could have held in operatic annals. Even under actual circumstances, the history is a curious one, though it must readily be granted that Mr. Mapleson now suffers more through unavoidable misfortune than managerial fault. Let us at once do justice to an *impresario* who has lately received scant justice from the hands of Fate.

Mr. Mapleson began the season in an improvised theatre, with few means and appliances at hand, and with the task before him of bringing out a lot of unknown people whose success was problematical, but upon whom mainly rested the fortunes of the house. True, he enjoyed certain advantages, as, for example, the co-operation of such tried artists as Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska, Madame Trebelli, and one or two of less note. True, also, he was supported by the name and prestige of Sir Michael Costa; but the operatic public like new faces, and are only faithful to the old ones so long as they retain their bloom. Mr. Mapleson fought, therefore, an uphill battle—a battle in which defeat could hardly have been dishonour, and the sustaining of which to the very end is a "feather in the cap" of the plucky manager. The great initial success of Mdlle. Marimon promised at one time to carry the season triumphantly through, and few would then have declined to congratulate Mr. Mapleson upon the bright prospects of his venture. Looking at the matter now, it is not hard to believe that Her Majesty's Opera was unfortunate rather than otherwise in possessing the Franco-Belgian soprano. We should not forget that Mdlle. Marimon came to us with, practically, no Italian repertory at all. Her rôle previously was French opera, and she had well-nigh everything to learn in the branch of art upon which she entered. Under the most favourable circumstances, therefore, she could not have appeared in many characters; while that she actually limited herself to two surprises nobody, when taken in connection with frequent and obstinate indisposition. This, however, was scarcely the most serious evil, for the public, having taken kindly to Mdlle. Marimon, would not be comforted when she was away. In vain did Mdlle. Tietjens repeat her classic assumptions, in vain did Mdlle. di Murska essay the highest flight of vocalisation, and in vain did Madame Trebelli warble her sweetest strains. The public refused to listen to the charmers, charmed they never so wisely; and thus was nearly the entire season unsettled and practically ruined because a light soprano, with a fresh face, temporarily lost her voice. We say that under these circumstances Mr. Mapleson calls for sympathy. Actuated by accepted rules of judgment, he "declared to win" with Mdlle. Marimon, and the lady broke down while as yet the race was

young. Had he only known it, he would have done better by struggling for a place with his old and well-tried team.

Why Mr. Mapleson put off the bringing out of *Anna Bolena* till the last week of the season is one of those mysteries of management which no outsider can hope to comprehend. On this plan of operation both houses were of one mind, for it will be remembered that Mr. Gye produced *Le Astuzie Femminili* within a few days of shutting his doors. Some reason must, of course, exist for such unanimity, but it is hidden from ordinary sight, and we need not further trouble ourselves about it. THADDEUS EGG.

A GRIEVANCE.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—If any man in this world has an undoubted right to feel himself aggrieved, and to appeal to an independent press for that justice which, has been denied him by others, it is myself. As an artist, I have endeavoured to do honour to my country, by raising art above its common level, in water colours especially to acquire more power, more brilliancy, and more truthfulness than has hitherto been attained. It has taken me many years to mature my new process in water colour painting, which has been so frequently noticed by the press.

For three years I was engaged upon one work, perhaps the largest and most elaborate that has ever been produced by any English artist, and yet I was not permitted to exhibit it at the International Exhibition of 1862. Nor was I allowed to exhibit any of my works at the Paris Exhibition; and, strange to say, two of my best works have been refused by the Committee of Selection, as unworthy a place in the International Exhibition of 1871. Photographs have been taken from these pictures, which are so true to nature that they have deceived artists, photographers, and eminent connoisseurs, who have believed them to be photographed from nature. These photographs and pictures, together with about one hundred other works of mine, are to be seen at the St. James's Gallery of Art, and I invite you, or your art critic, to come and inspect them, and to publish to the world at large the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, concerning them. It is easy to understand that so long as artists sit in judgment on works of art sent for exhibition, they will never pass any superior to their own; consequently, we have in the present International Exhibition water colour drawings scattered about in different directions, quite below mediocrity.

If International Exhibitions are not intended for the best works and newest discoveries a nation can produce, then, let me ask, what are they intended for? Are they not a delusion and a snare, if they do not carry out in integrity what they profess? Ought they not to be cosmopolitan, and admit freely the best works of the best men, and to show to foreigners what England can produce in art as well as anything else. As my works will bear the light of heaven to shine upon them, I invite inspection when the sun is shining, any day between two and three o'clock (Saturdays excepted). I may likewise state that I was also prevented from exhibiting some first-rate specimens of picture restoration, so I am nowhere represented at the International Exhibition.—I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

(An injured man, seeking for justice),

E. FAGON WATSON.

The St. James's Gallery of Art, 10th August, 1871.

We are glad to be able to announce the recovery of Miss Augusta Thomson from her recent severe indisposition. She will resume her professional duties on Monday, and will appear at the Crystal Palace on that day, as Prince Ahmed in Byron's burlesque, *The Pilgrim of Love*, having been engaged by Mr. W. H. Swanborough for a series of performances in operetta and burlesque at Sydenham.

At the Crystal Palace, on Saturday, the late Vincent Wallace's *Maritana* was given, with Miss Edith Wynne as Maritana, Miss Adelaide Newton as Lazarillo, Mr. George Perren as Don Cesar de Bazan, Mr. Theodore Distin as the King, Mr. Connell as Don Jose, and Mr. Wright as the Baron. The theatre was completely filled, notwithstanding the heat of the weather, by a very demonstrative audience.

The concerts at the recent Centenary Festival at Bonn were all given in the new Beethoven Hall—a permanent edifice, erected for general purposes, which has apparently been lately used for a national manifestation, as the banners of the chief Rhenish towns and the bust of the Emperor of Germany are exhibited. The plaster effigy of his imperial Majesty is placed just under the narrow gallery to the organ. Below the royal bust is the bronze one of Beethoven, more ideal in its facial expression than the stern, uncompromising features of Hähnel's statue. Beethoven, with pencil and note-book in his hands, looks as if he was denouncing the musical execution in the Minster. The Hall may be good for sound, but the arrangement of audience and executants on an almost flat surface does not look promising. There are two side galleries to the Hall, which is ventilated by windows placed after the same fashion as those of a gallery for paintings. The orchestra, at all events, ought to have been on an inclined plane.—*Athenæum*

WAIFS.

Madame Arabella Goddard has been playing with brilliant success at some of the Rhenish towns.

There is a vacancy for a Lay Clerkship in Peterborough Cathedral.

Mr. Compton has been engaged by Mr. Montague for the Globe Theatre.

The Michaelmas Term of the Royal Academy of Music will commence on Monday, the 18th of September.

Dr. Franz Liszt has left Weimar for Rome, passing through Bavaria on his way south.

A second gift of £1,000, from an anonymous donor, has been forwarded to the Council of the Royal Dramatic College.

Mdlle. Cornelle D'Anka will make her first appearance at M. Rivière's Promenade Concerts this evening, September 2.

Madame Parepa, says the *New York Weekly Review*, is at Sharon Springs, and is called, much to her husband's delight, the "Rose of Sharon."

L'Europe Artiste, a Parisian musical paper of long standing, which was suspended during the war, is once more in circulation.

Madame Fargueil has re-appeared at the Vaudeville as Cécile, in *Nos Intimes*.

In the Arena of Buda an operetta in the French style, *Dunois der Schöne Ritter*, has been produced.

A contribution towards the history of the German Theatre, by Herr Heinrich Laube, and entitled *Das Burgtheater*, has been published at Leipzig.

A young Italian actress, Signorina Casati, who has been performing at Asti, in *La Bambola di Madamizella Teresa*, is well spoken of by the Italian dramatic papers.

Herr Oberthur has been performing with great success at concerts in Bavaria, and on the Rhine, at two of them (Kissengen and Wiesbaden), in association with Madame Arabella Goddard.

Mdlle. Tietjens is enjoying a short holiday on the Rhine, recruiting her health for the usual autumn operatic tour in England, Ireland, and Scotland. Why does she never try Wales?

Mr. H. Jarrett left Liverpool for New York on Friday week, by the *Cuba*, to superintend the arrangements for Mdlle. Christine Nilsson's Operatic tour.

Sir Sterndale Bennett returned last week from Bonn, where he had been invited by the Committee of Management to attend the Beethoven centenary festival.

"Bristow's opera, *Rip Van Winkle*"—says the *New York Herald*—"will be the principal feature of the Nilsson opera season. Miss Nilsson is also to sing the parts of Gretchen (*Faust*), and Alice (*Roberto*)."

In addition to the artists whose secession from the Comédie Française has been announced, M. and Madame Lafontaine have proclaimed their intention of withdrawing.

A full rehearsal of Mr. W. G. Cusins' oratorio, *Gideon*, composed for and to be produced at the following Gloucester Festival, took place on Monday morning in St. George's Hall.

Mr. P. S. Gilmore, the celebrated American *chef d'orchestre*, who took so prominent a part in the direction of the Boston Jubilee of 1869, is in London, recruiting for the International Musical Jubilee to be held also at Boston, on an unprecedented scale of magnitude, in 1872.

At the Hoftheater of Dresden, a piece written by Herr Julius Rodenberg, entitled *Vom Rhein zur Elbe*, with music by Herr Karl Krebs, in celebration of the return of the German armies, was recently performed in presence of the Court and a crowded house.

"Miss Rose Hersee"—says Frank Leslie's *Illustrated Newspaper*—"with her wealth of golden hair and treasury of silver melodies, betook herself, on Saturday last, to her native shores, to fulfil an engagement, in London as *prima donna* and part directress of an English opera *Bon voyage* to the pretty little English lark."

"The good ship which bore that valuable freight, Madame Parepa-Rosa, over the three thousand miles of everlasting wet that separate us from England"—says also Frank Leslie—"has landed that enchantress of song on our welcoming shores. Delighted to see you, madame!"

"Nilsson and Opera"—yet again says Frank,—"are inscribed on the banners of Strakosch, and a brilliant campaign is anticipated at the Academy of Music, as, in addition to the divine Swede, the handsome French tenor, M. Capoul—warranted *blond*—has been secured to make operatic love to the captivating Christine."

The Holborn Theatre will re-open on the 11th of September, under the management of Mr. Mansell, lately of the Globe. A drama by Alexandre Dumas, entitled *Edmund Kean*, and a one-act opéra-bouffe, by Offenbach, will be produced.

M. Dumas the younger announces that the removal of his father's remains and the funeral service originally intended for the 24th of July, will not take place until the evacuation by the Prussians of the Department of the Aisne, in which the last resting-place of the author of *Monte Christo* is fixed.

Mr. Stevens, whose name will be familiar to most members of the Civil Service Musical Society, has signed a four years' engagement with Mr. Mapleson, of Her Majesty's Opera. This is the third Civil Servant who has entered the operatic profession within the last few years, Mr. Tom Hohler and Mr. Bentham being the others.

Mr. Montgomery has been presented by the members of the Gaiety Theatre with a vellum testimonial (signed by the whole of the ladies and gentlemen engaged by him) for his kindness towards them. The company take this means of expressing their admiration of Mr. Montgomery's abilities as an actor.

The Chatelet Theatre, on the banks of the Seine, opposite the Theatre Lyrique, is announced to have all but become the property of Mr. Frederick Strange. His ultimatum has been sent into the Luxembourg, now the Hotel de Ville pro tem., and it is supposed that £100,000 cash will close the bargain.

News from Reading! The home of the biscuit and sauce is to be the home of the drama also. Mr. Elliott Galer has built a theatre at Reading, and a very charming one, too, with a capital stage, a prettily decorated auditorium (we thank thee, Dion Boucicault, for that word), and a general air of comfort about the entire building. Mr. Galer, you have made a good *début* in the character of architect.

A "Great National German Festival" was held at the Crystal Palace on Monday, the 21st ult., and a "German Concert" given in the Concert Hall on the occasion. Mdlle. Liebhart, Madame Rudersdorff, Mrs. Sidney Smith, Miss Alice Fairman, Mr. Nordblom, Herren Carl Stepan, Oscar Beringer, Papé, and Anton Bruckner, were the artists. The programme consisted exclusively of German music, conducted by Mr. Manns. Several of the German choral societies of London, under the baton of Mr. Paul Semler, lent their valuable assistance at the festival.

M. Arsène Houssaye, for seven years director of the Théâtre Français, gives, in a letter to the *Gaulois*, a curious reason for his resignation:—"I left because I was not willing to share the literary opinions of the Minister of State, who impertinently expressed his astonishment because we had dared to play Molière's *Cocumaginaire* without having first submitted the MS. to the Bureau for examination, his Excellency imagining that it was a new piece."

After a suspension of twelve months, the *Revue et Gazette des Théâtres* has re-appeared. It gives a list of the losses by death sustained by the stage during the war and the subsequent troubles. Among the names of more note are those of Samson, *doyen* of the Comédie; Sevestil, whose death occurred while fighting; Felix; Troy, of the Opéra Comique; Rosa Didier; Clarisse Miroy; and La Rozzachi, an Italian dancer of high reputation. The opening number of the journal gives a meagre list of performances throughout the whole of France. Its publication will, for the present, be once a week, instead of twice, as hitherto.

It is given to few men to go up in a balloon, or down in a diving-bell; but most of us have been, and very many in these autumn weeks will be, in a bathing-machine. A name and thought of horror! Oh, the jerking and the jolting, the starts and stops, and the lurching, provocative of sea-sickness! The sloppy, gritty floors; the narrow, knifeboard seats; the undressing and dressing in these miserable boxes, disgraces to the age in which we live! Land, sea, and sky shut out from us by the huge awnings, which must have been the "uglies" belonging to the bonnets of Lady Anakin! Is this the realization of our "dip in the briny"? These wretched receptacles take away the whole poetry of the thing. What distorted imagination first invented them? What is the date of their "first introduction into these islands"? Were they drawn up, as we now see them, on our shores when Julius Caesar invaded Albion?—If they were, though not needed by our "rude forefathers" for undressing purposes, their appearance would most surely have deterred braver men than the old Romans from attempting a landing. They would have seemed to them as some terrible engines of war, or some other "infernal machines." Can no attempt be made to improve them? Are we for ever bound to the stereotyped form of these rhomboid boxes, with wheels, hideous and ponderous enough for Juggernaut's car? Complete their hideousness with the addition of the fat and ugly bathing women, with their dripping serges, and can we wonder at the shriek of terrified children, or at the silent terror of many, when they make their first acquaintance with the British bathing-machine?

M. Edwin Tross, of Paris, has just published the first part of a collection of Huguenot Songs of the Sixteenth Century, edited by M. Henry Bordier. These songs are chosen from publications between 1525 and 1597, and prove the existence of a really fine and vigorous school of Protestant religious poetry in France. The first part, now published, contains (1) Religious, (2) Polemical and Satirical Songs. The second part will comprise the songs on war and martyrdom. Some of the satirical songs against the mass and monks are clever, and many of the religious ones very touching in their simple faith and piety.

With the beginning of the era of the imagination, the youth desires a romantic instrument to give vent to his fancies. Then he betakes him to the flute, with which the Collins of pastoral days charmed the ears and hearts of their Phyllises. "The flute and guitar," says—we forget who—"are *par excellence* the instruments of lovers." The next period is the one wherein Terpsichore predominates. The dance requires an instrument capable of all the gradations of time, and tone, and tune. Hence the violin. Once passably proficient upon this instrument, the longing of the spirit for a fit exponent of melody is reached. The popular ideal is completed when familiar tunes can be glibly rattled off. The self-taught performer is, in his own estimation, a master, and the humble limit of ambition is gained.—COBB.

A correspondent writing about the visit of Kaiser William to Hombourg says:—

"By express desire of the Emperor of Germany, Madame Patti sang *Gilda* in *Rigoletto*. It was only announced a few hours before, but I assume that boxes, stalls, and jack-in-the-boxes were beyond price, and became fancy articles. I heard a fabulous price offered for a box or a stall; but 'Complet' was the answer. Some lucky persons got *billets debout*—that is, permission to stand up in the theatre if they could get within the doors. The Emperor came very quietly in a morning dress—thus proving that he has muffs, an event about which I have heard heavy waging. He was well if not warmly received. The house was crammed; it is about as big as your wife's biggest trunk. *Rigoletto* began as soon as the enthusiasm (?) had calmed. The rest of the singers were as bad as they could be to be alive, and *Rigoletto* went very slowly, till Patti took the whole opera into her hands, and fairly sang the rest of the performers into the limbo of unutterable weakness. At the end of the first act an unlucky wight, forgetting the etiquette which forbids an individual to applaud if Royalty is present, cried out, 'Va! va! Brava!' and was nearly thrown into the pit in consequence. At the end of the next act the house had forgotten the presence of Royalty, and did homage to the genius of the evening. The Emperor sat the whole opera out. 'The Emperor will not be lonely?'—asked an attendant of an A.D.C. 'Never is lonely,' said the A.D.C. 'Ah, to be sure, the Emperor is always with the King now,' was the rejoinder. A great crowd (for Hombourg) waited to cry a good-night, 'Hoch!', to the Kaiser-King. Electric lights shone, the Emperor bowed, and people said, 'Why, after all, it was only Mr. William at the play.' What do people want? Do they wish their Sovereign to sleep in chain armour? It was a homely evening, yet the Emperor looked pleased, but more pleased with Patti than any one else; and this was the great ending of the second day. To-morrow, the route will be given for Bad-Gastein, and William the Conqueror will embark on a diplomatic campaign."

HUSHED ARE THE WINDS.

(BY A RETURNED MANIAC.)

The fiercer the tempest, the more grateful the calm. For many weeks there have raged in London perfect hurricanes of sound: from all corners of the earth have sped blasts of music, that have filled our gigantic halls and theatres, and have penetrated well-nigh into every wealthy house westward. Now happily they are called home, or missioned elsewhere. Silent are those huge, but disciplined orchestras. Like waves broken against the shore, they are scattered, after more or less successful efforts to destroy and engulf the miserable singers; leaving signs, however, of havoc on the stage, in many hoarse *sopranis*, cracked *tenors*, and hopelessly drowned *bass*. Dissolved are now those powerful elements; yet, like all things else in nature, they re-form into new combinations, then to renew their warfare against their artistic foes, the vocalists. To the comparatively tranquil observer, the warring of any forces—be they animate or inanimate—is an exciting sight. To watch the fierce onslaught, the stubborn defence, the unwilling retreat, the heroic rally, and the huzzahing victory, must warm the blood and kindle the sympathies and passions of the most stolid beholder.

Some such sufferings and joys animate the musical critic, whose vocation it is to vigilantly watch and faithfully record the increasing struggles of bands and singers. Night after night has he to witness the dispositions of the varied forces; the gathering of whole regiments of fiddlers; the infantry of the belligerent orchestra; the unmasking of trombone artillery; the ambush of cornet mitrailleuse; the elevation of ophecleide mortars, and the resumption of supreme command by the musical marshal, baton in hand. Then action speedily follows; sometimes the gentle flute is cunningly sent forth as a scout, followed by

small companies of oboes and violas. At another time the whole army opens simultaneously with crash upon crash, and roar upon roar, that appear as victorious as wasteful, there being as yet no foe in sight. But soon the gleaming footlights reveal opposing powers; the weak-kneed giant *basso* is seen to approach, and alone to contend with such fearful odds; vain in his strength and wasted in his valour, the harsh trombone destroys his high notes, whilst the ophecleide tears from their very base his lowest tones. Thus unarmed he fights, with fierce gesticulation his only aid, soon to sink, or Falstaff-like to run for shelter to the covering wing. Anon approaches a worthier foe, the silver-voiced tenor. Abashed, each ruthless destroyer lays by his weapon, and gently rocks him in his arms with arpeggios as soothing as mother's lullabies; but soon this love to hate is changed, one upper B flat brings upon him torrents of sound that hurl him discomfited and cracked away. Then appears the *prima donna*. Surely they will now forbear, the dulcet flute only will echo her soft voice; the violins will be to her as coaxing and supporting as nurse's leading strings. Alas! neither sex nor age has claims upon their merciful restraint: quickly they lash themselves into fury, and fight with the unaided maiden, as if she were a whole army, till raven-voiced she flies the scene, reminding us of the criticism of the quaint Joshua, who said—"It was not till the face of the *prima donna* changed from crimson to purple, and her neck became corrugated like an untwisted rope, that the audience began to applaud. What their enthusiasm would have been had she broken a blood-vessel it is impossible to say."

Too often, however, the opposing forces join in fearful onslaught upon their common enemy, the audience, like thundering skies and raging seas upon a helpless bark. The depths of the orchestra growl to the screaming heights of the stage, the trombone joins issue with the *bass*, the flute shrieks in shrill union with the *soprani*, the many-voiced chorus yell in accordant delight with the many sounding instruments, until the ears of the audience become deafened, and their minds bewildered and benumbed, as if the music-Babel, tower and builders, had fallen upon them.

Music, by delighted poets, was ever called "a heavenly maid." Surely some would now transform her into an ugly maid-of-all-work. But why have composers of late made her so loud of speech? The old Italian masters always strove to render her utterances graceful and lovely; as her ministrants, they placed the most highly cultivated and beautiful of voices. Now she has little else but musical Calibans for her messengers; from an angel of peace she has become more like unto a storm fiend. The development of the modern orchestra, and the vastness of our new music halls, have wrought this obstreperous change in the divine art. The minds of men have been racked for the inventions of strange sounds to meet the requirements of this so-called advancement of music. Cecilia is no longer the hostess of an elegant mansion, but is become the manageress of a gigantic company limited, in which every instrumental noise is a member or director. The human voice—nature's loveliest creation—has been degraded from its high estate; charm of tone has become naught, and vocal art sacrificed to clamour; to bellow as loud as the band can play has become the *ne plus ultra* of singing. Forgotten it is that, though instruments may be multiplied and power of accompaniments increased, the voice is incapable of extension without serious damage. Pity cannot be withheld from the poor vocalists, the martyrs of our tremendous orchestras.

The exigencies of this out-grown metropolis have rendered necessary huge halls, in which thousands and tens of thousands can congregate. In these extensive areas the band—otherwise overwhelming—are in due proportion, but the voice reduced to utter helplessness. We love music as a household fairy, rather than as a terrific idol, at which an entire city must bow the knee at the commands of its false priests; her heavenly influence penetrates better into the soul by the still small voice than by the roar of the multitude:—

"Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory,"

whilst it cannot live for a moment in a raging sea of sounds. Vocalisation must deteriorate under such circumstances, voices strained and violated must become harsh and dissonant, and brief must be the artistic career of the singer subject to the conditions of a London season. Unhappily we have to hear the same shout in the drawing-room as we listen to in the hall of many acres, and then often artistic positions are reversed. The feeble voice becomes musical, whilst the *effective* organ is rendered obtrusive and discordant; the small space restores the former to its due proportions, and unpleasantly reflects the intolerable, vulgar glare of the latter. But we have buildings so large as to make the loudest voices scarcely audible, and the harshest noises not too disagreeably near. In such places we can truly say with the old poet—"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on." To the vocalists we would say, engage not in an unequal warfare with the giant orchestra, avoid halls which are like wildernesses, and seek in repose the restoration of over-taxed powers.

L. T.

A GRUMBLE—THER. 90°.

When, of old, the Roman calmly
With a smile regarded death—
Saw the wretch, extended, linger,
Gasping out his latest breath;
When fair girls, with beauteous tresses,
Laughed to mark the glazing eye,
And could watch, with gaze unshrinking,
Some young gladiator die;
When the hollow, grating rattle
Sounded feebly in the throat,
And when Charity, in horror,
Fled before the adverse vote;
Then the Muse that guides the drama
Hid from sight in grief her brow;
Bitter tears she wept. Ah! tell me,
Should she not be weeping now?
Was the Roman not contented
Once with woes that were not real?
Did he not grow slowly callous,
Till, at length, he ceased to feel?
Shall we never learn a lesson
From the teachings of the past;
But drift on for ever downwards,
Till we reach the end at last?
Listen: *Joan of Arc* is burning,
Nightly faints to see the rack;
Yet no hiss is heard to show us
Taste or feeling might come back.
From the tower of *Notre Dame*, too,
Each night falls a man to die;
Yet no maiden even shudders,
And, alas! each eye is dry!
Genius has departed from us;
Authors copy or translate—
Plunder both the French and German,
And themselves as "Shakespeares" rate.
Oh! when will this have an ending?
When, the clouds around us part,
To admit one glimpse of sunshine,
And renew the reign of Art?

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THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

"Intelligence, or, as it has been called, intellectuality, is an essential element of all Art, practical as well as creative, and of none more so than of Music. Its development should be zealously encouraged in this branch of education, which, however, can be, and often is, conducted without calling into action any of the higher attributes of the mind. The Rudiments of Music are generally learnt by rote; proficiency in singing or playing acquired by that which is equivalent to automatic action of the voice or fingers. This should not be. Students should be taught that all musical sound, whether vocal or instrumental, is intended to convey some definite meaning; they should be made to reflect upon every phrase they have to sing or play, and thoroughly to understand that intelligence is the very essence of our Art. Music can thus become an important means of mental training. It is in this respect that the system of instruction now published for the first time in a complete form will, I hope, be useful. The plan I have set forth seems to necessitate concentration of thought upon the subject of study; it affords assistance to the memory, and tends to cultivate habits of precision, observation, and comparison. These are advantages which speak for themselves. Experience has proved that by writing exercises, pupils make steadier and more rapid progress than by the most frequent oral repetition of rules or notes. The hand and pen assist the eye and ear, and the result is more satisfactory than when the voice or fingers are guided by the eye or ear alone. I do not, for a moment, assume that this method will dispense with the necessity of vocal or instrumental practice; but as such practice becomes less troublesome and laborious if pursued with intelligence, it is evidently desirable, in teaching Music, to stimulate the faculty of thought. And that is the object I have had in view while writing the present elementary work.—WALTER MAYNARD."

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Part III. contains Instructions for the Pianoforte.

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